

## THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

Vanity is generally at the bottom of setting an example.

People who know what they deserve seldom complain about being unjustly treated.

The trouble is the Cubans are paying General Gomez by the year instead of by the job.

There are few people who can fill a place so full that an occasional scandal cannot creep in.

People who think of their past are generally right in having doubts concerning their future.

It is generally easy to find an excuse for avoiding work, but how thin that excuse looks the next day.

Noise does not add to emphasis any more than wind does to the supply of air that surrounds the earth.

The fact that a man is constantly arguing is not absolute proof that he possesses more information than other people.

The world is full of people whose opinions would be valuable if they would only carry them to the right place, instead of sowing them broadcast.

The approaching commemoration of Queen Victoria's succession to the throne in 1837 will bring to mind men high in church and state whom she has outlived. Americans will think of the long line of Presidents whose official terms have been completed, or been interrupted by death, during the Queen's reign. Andrew Jackson closed his second term March 4, 1837, and was succeeded by Martin Van Buren. Then Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison and Cleveland again. How the mere mention of these names of Presidents suggests the volume of history the momentous years have written! All but two of these men have passed away, but the Queen, with remarkable vigor and sagacity, still reigns.

A writer in Mark Lane Express, London, thus accounts for Britain's breadstuffs: "The chief origins of our breadstuffs during 1896 were as follows:—Home-grown wheat, 7,000,000 quarters; sufficient for two and three-quarters months' bread. Imported from our possessions, British North America, India and Australia, only 1,329,000 quarters; and from British North America flour equal to 644,000 quarters of wheat. Therefore our possessions sent us only sufficient for three weeks' bread. Imported from foreign countries 15,000,000 quarters of wheat; and flour equal to 6,453,000 quarters of wheat; that is, foreign countries sent us sufficient to feed us for eight and a half months, and it was made up as follows: The United States five months, Russia, one and one-half months, and other countries two months. It appears very strange for this country to be dependent for more than two-thirds of the year upon foreign countries for bread, whilst 3,000,000 acres of land in the British Isles have been driven out of cereal cultivation, and some 250,000 persons thus driven off the land."

The Philadelphia Press says: "A Failure in Philadelphia" is the caption of an editorial in the Cleveland Leader on the municipal ownership of gas works. The Brooklyn Eagle in a similar spirit supports the argument against municipal ownership by this observation: "We are informed that in Philadelphia there is a deficiency in the gas account every year which has to be made by a tax upon the people." This unfavorable judgment of the profitability of municipal gas works has some vogue, and is the result of erroneous influences based on the fact that the gas bureau has recently been an applicant for a share of the proceeds from both temporary and permanent loans. The inference is a very much mistaken one. The Philadelphia gas works are a source of profit to the city. They always have been profitable, except for a brief period immediately after the reduction of the price from \$1.50 to \$1 per thousand feet. This reduction caused a slight deficiency at first, which was more than made good by the increased consumption which dollar gas brought about. For the year 1895 the receipts of the Philadelphia gas bureau were \$3,155,956. The current expenses were \$2,985,513. This leaves a net profit of \$170,443, of which \$54,589 were expended in permanent improvements in connection with the gas plant, and \$115,854 were added to the revenue of the city available for other departments. In addition to this the city got the gas free to an amount which, if sold at the usual rates, would have added to the city treasury \$638,498.

## A Tale of Three Lions

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

### CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"She will be back again presently," said; 'look out, but for heaven's sake don't fire unless I tell you to.'

"Hardly were the words out of my mouth when back she came, and again passed the ox without striking him.

"What on earth is she doing?" whispered Harry.

"Playing with it as a cat does a mouse, I suppose. She will kill it presently."

"As I spoke, the lioness once more flashed out of the bush, and this time sprung right over the doomed ox. It was an exciting sight to see her clear him in the bright moonlight, as though it were a trick she had been taught.

"I believe that she has escaped from a circus," whispered Harry; 'It's jolly to see her jump.'

"I said nothing, but I thought to myself that if it was, Master Harry did not appreciate the performance, and small blame to him. At any rate, his teeth were chattering a bit.

"Then came a longish pause and I began to think that she must have gone away, when suddenly she appeared again, and with one mighty bound landed right on to the ox, and struck it a frightful blow with her paw.

"Down it went, and lay on the ground. She put down her wicked-looking head, with a fierce growl of contentment. When she lifted her muzzle again and stood facing us obliquely, I whispered, 'Now's our time, fire when I do.'

"I got on her as well as I could, but Harry, instead of waiting for me as I told him, fired before I did, and that of course hurried me. When the smoke cleared, however, I was delighted to see that the lioness was rolling about on the ground behind the body of the ox, which covered her in such a fashion, however, that we could not shoot again to make an end of her.

"She's done for! she's dead!" yelled Pharaoh, in exultation; and at that very moment the lioness, with a sort of convulsive rush, half rolled, half sprung, into the patch of thick bush to the right. I fired after her as she went, but so far as I could see without result; indeed the probability is that I missed her clean. At any rate she got to the bush in safety, and once there, began to make such a diabolical noise as I never heard before. She would whine and shriek, then burst out into perfect volleys of roaring that shook the whole place.

"Well," I said, 'we must just let her roar; to go into that bush after her at night would be madness.'

"At that moment, to my astonishment and alarm, there came an answering roar from the direction of the river, and then another from behind the swell of bush. Evidently there were more lions about. The wounded lioness redoubled her efforts, with the object, I suppose, of summoning the others to her assistance. At any rate they came, and quickly too, for within five minutes, peeping through the bushes of our skerm fence, we saw a magnificent lion bounding along toward us, through the tall tamboulin grass, that in the moonlight, was now very like ripening corn. On he came in great leaps, and a glorious sight it was to see him. When within fifty yards or so, he stood still in an open space and roared, and the lioness roared to, and then there came a third roar, and another great black-maned lion stalked majestically up, and joined number two, and really I began to realize what Jim-Jim must have undergone.

"Now, Harry," I whispered, 'whatever you do, don't fire, it's too risky. If they let us be, let them be.'

"Well, the pair of them marched off to the bush, where the wounded lioness was now rearing double tides, and the whole three of them began to snarl and grumble away together there. Presently, however, the lioness ceased roaring, and the two lions came off again, the black-maned one first—to prospect, I suppose—and walked to where the carcass of the ox lay, and sniffed at it.

"Oh, what a shot!" whispered Harry, who was trembling with excitement.

"Yes," I said; 'but don't fire; they might all of them come for us.'

"Harry said nothing, but whether it was from the natural willfulness of youth, or because he was thrown off his balance by excitement, or from sheer recklessness, I am sure I can not tell you, never having been able to get a satisfactory explanation from him; but at any rate the fact remains, he, without word or warning, entirely disregarding my exhortations, lifted up his Westley Richards, and fired at the black-maned lion, and, what is more, hit it slightly on the flank.

"Next second there was a most awful roar from the injured brute. He glared around him, and roared with pain for he was sadly stung, and then before I could make up my mind what to do, the great black-maned brute, evidently ignorant of the cause of his

pain, sprung right at the throat of his companion, to whom he evidently attributed his misfortune. It was a curious sight to see the evident astonishment of the other lion at this most unprovoked assault. Over he rolled with an angry roar, and on to him sprang the black-maned demon, and commenced to worry him. This finally awoke the yellow-maned lion to a sense of the situation, and I am bound to say that he rose to the occasion in a most effective manner. Somehow or other he got to his feet, and, roaring and smarting frightfully, closed with his mighty foe. And then ensued a scene that absolutely baffles description. You know what a shocking thing it is to see two large dogs fighting with abandonment. Well, a whole hundred of dogs could not have looked half so terrible as those two great brutes as they rolled and roared and rent in their rage. It was an awful and a wonderful thing to see the great cats tearing at each other with all the fierce energy of their savage strength, and making the night hideous with their heart-shaking noise. And the fight was a grand one, too. For some minutes it was impossible to say which was getting the best of it, but at last I saw that the black-maned lion, though he was slightly the bigger, was failing. I am inclined to think that the wound in his flank crippled him. Anyway he began to get the worst of it, which served him right, as he was the aggressor. Still I could not help feeling sorry for him, for he had fought a gallant fight when his antagonist finally got him by the throat, and, struggle and fight as he would, began to shake the life out of him. Over and over they rolled together, an awe-inspiring spectacle, but the yellow boy would not loose his hold, and at length poor black-maned grew faint, his breath came in great snorts and seemed to rattle in his nostrils, then he opened his huge mouth, gave the ghost of a roar, quivered, and was dead.

"When he was quite sure that the victory was his own, the yellow-maned lion loosened his grip and sniffed at his fallen foe. Then he licked the dead lion's eye, and next, with his fore feet resting on the carcass, sent up his own chant of victory, that went rolling and pealing down the dark ways of the night in all the gathered majesty of sound. And at this point I interfered. Taking a careful sight at the center of his body, in order to give the largest possible margin for error, I fired, and sent a .370 express bullet right through him, and down he dropped dead upon his mighty foe.

"At that, fairly satisfied with our performance, we slept peacefully till dawn, leaving Pharaoh to keep watch in case any more lions should take it into their heads to come our way.

"When the sun was fairly up we arose, and very cautiously proceeded—at least Pharaoh and I did, for I would not allow Harry to come—to see if we could see anything of the wounded lioness. She had ceased roaring immediately on the arrival of the two lions, and had not made a sound since, from which we concluded that she was probably dead. I was armed with my express, while Pharaoh, in whose hands a rifle was indeed a dangerous weapon—to his companions—had an ax. On our way we stopped to look at the two dead lions. They were magnificent animals, both of them, but their pelts were entirely spoiled by the terrible mauling they had given to each other, which was a sad pity.

In another minute we were following the blood spoor of the wounded lioness into the bush, where she had taken refuge. This, I need hardly say, we did with the utmost caution; indeed, I for one did not at all like the job, and was only consoled by the reflection that it was necessary and that the bush was not thick. Well, we stood there, keeping as far from the trees as possible, and poking and speering about, but no lioness could we see.

"She must have gone away somewhere to die, Pharaoh," I said in Zulu.

"Yes, Inkoos," (chief), he answered, 'she has certainly gone away.'

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when I heard a most awful roar, and looking around saw the lioness emerge from the very center of a bush just behind Pharaoh in which she had been curled up. Up she went on to her hind legs, and as she did so I saw that one of her fore paws was broken near the shoulder, for it hung limply down. Up she went towering right over Pharaoh's head, as she did so lifting her uninjured paw to strike him down. And then, before I could get my rifle round or do anything to avert the coming catastrophe, the Zulu did a very brave and clever thing. Realizing his own imminent danger, he bounded to one side, and then, swinging the heavy ax round his head, brought it right down onto her back, severing the vertebrae and killing her instantaneously. It was wonderful to see her collapse all in a heap like an empty sack.

"My word, Pharaoh," I said, 'that was well done, and none too soon.'

"Yes," he answered, 'it was a good stroke, Inkoos. Jim-Jim will sleep better now.'

"Then, calling Harry to us, we examined the lioness. She was old, if

one might judge from her worn teeth, and not very large, but thickly made, and must have possessed extraordinary vitality to have lived so long, shot as she was; for, in addition to her broken shoulder, my express bullet had blown a great hole in her that one might have put one's fist into.

"Well, that is the story of the death of poor Jim-Jim and how we avenged it, and it is rather interesting in its way, because of the fight between the two lions, of which I never saw the like in all my experience, and I know something of lions and their ways."

"And how did you get back to Pilgrims' Rest?" I asked hunter Quatermain when he had finished his yarn.

"Ah, we had a nice job with that," he answered. "The second ox died and so did another, and we had to get on as best we could with the three remaining ones harnessed unicorn fashion, while we pushed behind. We did about four miles a day, and it took us nearly a month, during the last week of which we pretty well starved."

"I notice," I said, "that most of your trips ended in disaster of some sort or another, and yet you went on making them, which strikes one as a little queer."

"Yes, I dare say; but then remember I got my living for many years out of hunting. Besides, half the charm of the thing lay in the dangers and disasters, though they were terrible enough at the time. Another thing is, they were not all disastrous. Sometimes, if you like, I will tell you a story of one which was very much the reverse, for I made four thousand pounds out of it, and saw one of the most extraordinary sights a hunter ever clapped his eyes on."

### REBUILDING NOSES.

Aluminium as a Foundation and How It Is Used.

In this era of reconstruction through which New York is passing even noses come in for their share of remodeling and rebuilding, says the New York Tribune. So many people are afflicted with a disfiguring disease which cuts away the nose and face that "plastic surgery" has felt called on to find means to restore broken or decayed noses to their original beauty, or even to improve on that. Dr. Robert Weir was among the first to discover a practical solution. He experimented with some success in transplanting bones of living fowl to the human face. One of his earlier operations was conducted in a stuffy little Harlem flat. His patient was stretched on the table under ether; her face was laid open and streaming blood, but the duck, not receiving due attention, had escaped unnoticed from the assistant. "Now, doctor," said Dr. Weir to a dignified participant, "oblige me by half-killing that bird and let me have about three inches from its breast bone for this girl's nose." Amid the grewsome surroundings there were ten minutes of rigorous exercise in catching the bird and reducing it to a state of insensibility. Since then he has dispensed with live birds and has turned his attention to gutta percha, rubber, silver and gold for nose bridges. All these failed because electrical action was generated, requiring further operations. Finally, pure aluminium was resorted to with satisfactory results. Now the nose bone is made of that metal. It has a stout hook at the upper end by which it is secured to the base of the forehead, while the other end is held out from the face by two short legs terminating in sharp spikes which are anchored in the bone. There is no necessity for ugly scars, because the operation is carried on entirely beneath the skin. A long incision is made under the upper lip above the teeth, so that the whole flap of the face can be turned back like a mask or an old glove. Then when the metal framework is secured the skin is drawn down again and the nose tissue is shaped into a Grecian, Roman or pug nose, as desired. Seven years ago Dr. Weir got his first ideas from French publications, but has since made many modifications and improvements. Other prominent surgeons have followed his example, such as Dr. Abbe, Dr. Powers of Denver and Dr. Knight. The operation is comparatively simple and all have succeeded in restoring noses, which, if they are not of service in distinguishing bad odors from good, are at least beautiful in looking natural.

### A Married Man.

Merchant Tailor—Good morning, Mr. Truepay. What can I do for you this morning? Mr. Truepay—I want a suit of clothes. "Yes, sir, John, the tape and book, please." "Eh? Ready-made?" "Yes—a cheap one." "Certainly—certainly. Right this way, please. I hadn't heard of your marriage."—New York Weekly.

### For Fun.

Theatergoer (to professional claqueur)—Why don't you applaud this piece? Don't you think it's excellent? "Oh, yes, but I am here only for fun to-day."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Major McKinley will be the third Methodist president.—Philadelphia Press.

### Merit Wins

The invention of Alabastine marked a new era in wall coatings, and from the standpoint of the building owner was a most important discovery. It has from a small beginning branched out into every country of the civilized world. The name "kalsomine" has become so offensive to property owners that manufacturers of cheap kalsomine preparations are now calling them by some other name, and attempting to sell on the Alabastine company's reputation.

Through extensive advertising and personal use, the merits of the durable Alabastine are so thoroughly known that the people insist on getting these goods and will take no chance of spoiling their walls for a possible saving of at the most but a few cents. Thus it is again demonstrated that merit wins, and that manufacturers of first-class articles will be supported by the people.

### Not Quite Perfect.

The boy had applied for a job in a wholesale house and was about to get it when a thought seemed to strike the employer.

"Can you whistle 'Daisy Bell'?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy.

"And 'After the Ball'?"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Ta-ra'?"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Two Little Girls'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—"

"Hold on," interrupted the boy, fearful of results; "you don't expect a boy of my size not to have no bad habits at all, do you?"

He was given the place on probation.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. All druggists.

### A Beautiful Alloy.

A scientist suggests the use of an alloy of gold and aluminium for the making of money. He says that counterfeiting would be almost impossible, as the only alloy which can be made successfully consists of seventy-eight parts of gold to twenty-two parts of aluminium. The product is said to be of a beautiful purple color, with ruby reflections that cannot be imitated.

### Sells on Sight.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mam? Housekeeper—Sirl! "Please, mam, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mam. I'm selling resonators." "What are they?" "You hang one up in the hall, mam, and it so magnifies every sound that a good-night kiss sounds like a cannon shot." "Give me three."—New York Weekly.

### A STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.

We hope to sell 1,000,000 packages Golden Rind Watermelon, the most wonderful freak of nature—smooth, shiny, yellow rind, crimson flesh, delicious! It's sensational. Took 500 first prizes in 1896. You must have it to be in the swim. Melons go like wild fire at \$1.00 apiece. We paid \$300 for one melon! \$100 prizes for earliest melon—ripened in 1896 in 41 days. Lots of money made in earliest vegetables. Salzer's seeds produce them. Thirty-five earliest sorts, postpaid, \$1.00.

Send This Notice and 15 Cents for a Package of Golden Rind and wonderful seed book, 146 big pages, to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. W.A.

"She is always giving you a piece of her mind in the rudest way." "You can't wonder. She has no education except of the most fragmentary sort."



Life is a battle field. Every day brings its fierce, unceasing conflict; every night leaves its multitudes of dead and dying. The horrors of war are no greater than the horrors of disease. If all the nations of the earth were at war against each other there would be no such carnage wrought within the year as that which is accomplished annually by one dread disease—consumption.

And yet this most fatal of all diseases is not without its remedy. It is no longer the irresistible destroyer that it was considered thirty years ago. An entirely new aspect is put upon the possibilities of this dreadful malady by the astounding remedial action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures consumption by nourishing the lungs with an abundant supply of pure, highly-vitalized blood.

This stops the formation of tuberculous matter, and builds up fresh tissue, muscular flesh and vital energy. It gives digestive power to the stomach which is too weak to assimilate oily emulsions.

Miss Lucy Kloeffer, of Armada, Mich., writes: "When I was about eight years of age I had inflammation of the lungs, and from that time up I was sick nearly all the time and had a doctor nearly all the time. I would take cold so easily it was very bad; there was pain in my lungs, tickling in my throat and my throat was stuffed with ulcers; there was hoarseness and partial suffocation with one of difficulty of breathing. I said he could not help me and just prescribed cod liver oil and told my mother I could not live longer than three months. I kept getting weaker every day when at last a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I thought there was no use, no more help for me as consumption was in me, but after taking the first bottle I seemed to feel better. My appetite was better and I kept right on taking it, with a real well. Before taking it, I weighed one hundred and ten pounds, after taking it, one hundred and thirty. I have not had a cough this winter."